



**Vol. 4 No. 3**

**25 cents**

# SENIORS!

Are you depressed? Do you feel slighted? Unfulfilled? Anomic? Are you looking for a chance to express yourself, to use those talents you've kept hidden all these years? If you are ready to accept responsibility, to think and act for yourself, in short to play a vital role in the growth of a young expanding concern, then

## AN EXCITING JOB OPPORTUNITY

can be yours!

Every year at this time, the United States Government makes available to interested college Seniors several attractive positions with its Department of Defense as **warriors**. These posts demand men of learning, poise, intrepidity, and stamina. After an eight week period of intensive on-the-job training (provided absolutely free by the government) the college graduate is sent out on his own into the field. There, he is called upon to take part in a great new enterprise, and his success is **all** up to him.

As a junior executive in the "Infantry," you'll be called upon to exercise all sorts of new skills. You'll learn how to salute, how to dynamite gun placements, to think on your feet, act on your feet, sleep on your feet, MARCH on your feet. A great career awaits you if you look ahead, seize every opportunity, stay under cover, and never, never, never volunteer.

**JOIN UP NOW, AND  
AVOID THE JUNE RUSH!**



The above is an exact reproduction of the sacred South African Revenge Mask. To look upon it guarantees an agonizing death within ten hours. Too bad if you looked.

# *Ya-Hoo* Queen



Presenting Miss Ginny Douglas, our latest *Ya-Hoo* Queen. A sophomore English major from Springfield, Ginny is interested in art and music. She plans to attend Barbibon Modeling School in New York next year.

—Ellie Matheson

Photography by Haskins

Clothes by House of Walsh

*Ya-Hoo* Is More Than a Magazine . . . . It Is A Way Of Life

Massachusetts

# YA-HOO



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An up and coming South American government decided to get new uniforms. The official tailor was called in and shown the design. It included blue trousers, red boots, a green jacket and gold epaulets.

"Is this the uniform for the President's palace guard?" inquired the tailor.

"No," said the officer, "it's for the Secret Police."

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There once was a sculptor called  
Phidias

About whom I won't be invidious,

But he carved Aphrodite

Without any nightie,

Which shocked all the pure and  
fastidious.

There was a young belle of Old  
Natchez

---

A patient about to be dismissed  
from an institution was being questioned by the director.

"And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?"

"Well," replied the ex-inmate, "I've passed my bar exam, so I may try to work up a law practice. Again I had quite a bit of acting experience in college, so I might try my hand at dramatics."

He paused and thought for a moment.

"Then on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

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"How'd you puncture that tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"You didn't see it, huh?"

"Naw . . . the kid had it under his coat."

---

"How about a date?"

"I should say not!"

"Oh, I don't mean now. Some nasty wet winter afternoon when there's nobody else in town."

---

"Ah wins."

"What you got?"

"Three eights and a pair of kings."

"No you don't, Ah wins."

"What you got?"

"Three sevens and a razor."

"So you does. How come you is so lucky?"

A kind-hearted old gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach a door-bell. He rang the bell for the tyke, then asked: "What now, my little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I'm gonna do."

---

An engineer we know has a broken arm he received from fighting for a girl's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.

---

A visiting Frenchman was being guided around New York as the various sights were pointed out to him. Finally his guide stopped in front of the Empire State Building and pointed upward proudly. "There," he said, "is tallest building in the world."

The Frenchman's gaze was properly admiring. "It reminds me of sex," he said.

The guide was astonished. "I've seen a lot of reactions to the Empire State Building, but never like that. Tell me, why does the Empire State Building remind you of sex?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulder. "Everything does."

While motoring through scenic Vermont one day we stopped to ask directions from a lanky old farmer who looked as if he might say something witty.

"Say, Grandpa, where does this road go to," we asked.

"Wal," he drawled, scratching his head with a hoe, "the way I look at it is, if you don't plant 'taters, they won't grow."

Chuckling over the fellow's homely philosophy, we dumped all our trash on his property and drove on.

---

Earlier that day an elephant escaped from the Barnum and Bailey Circus as it passed through a small Kansas town.

That evening a foreign born old lady who did not even know what an elephant looked like, telephoned the police station, very much excited.

"Come over right away," she gasped. "One-a-big-a animal she's a in my garden-a pulling up-a my cabbages-a with-a-his-tail."

"What's he doing with them?"

"If-a I'm-a tell-a you, you would-a never believ-a me," she answered.



“OUCH”

Two fellows were strolling across the grounds. The chapel bells were ringing.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" remarked the student.

"Pardon?" inquired the guest.

"I say, they're beautiful, aren't they?"

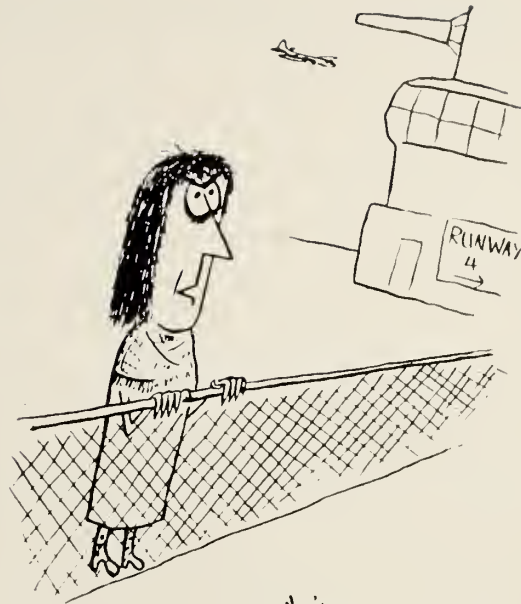
"I'm sorry," roared the guest, "but I can't hear a word for those damned chimes."

The gangster had just died. The funeral was well attended by his cohorts and others in allied professions. In eulogy the speaker said: "Willie is not dead. He only sleeps."

From the rear of the assembled throng came a voice:

"I got a hundred dollars that says he won't wake up."

Once there was a lady who had bought a live rabbit from a pet shop and was taking it home to the children. On the way she slipped on the ice and dropped the rabbit. Seeing that it was dead, she began to cry while sitting on the sidewalk. A passing drunk stopped and tried to console her: "Don't cry lady, it would have been an idiot anyway. Lookit the ears on it."



Dick  
ALOEL  
SHOW ME

**'Evil . . . Evil . . . Man wasn't MEANT to fly.'**

"Let's organize a fraternity."

"Why?"

"I just discovered a new grip."

HE: "I'm groping for words."

SHE: "I think you're looking in the wrong place."

She was only the butler's daughter,  
but how she enjoyed being maid.

"Call me a taxi."

"Okay, you're a taxi."

## Ya-Hoo Readings . . .

Ya-Hoo in conjunction with the Literary Society is proud to announce a series of readings of the following books.

"Bring 'Em Back Alive" . . . Charlie O'Rourke

"I Dismember Mama" . . . Dr. Radcliff

"Rally Round The Flag Boys" . . . President Mather

"Thirty Days To A More Powerful Vocabulary" . . . Tom Bishko

"How To Win Friends and Influence People" . . . Bill Scott

"Low Man on A Totem Pole" . . . Bill Starkweather

"Please Don't Eat The Daisies" . . . Red Blasko

Ya-Hoo . . . Helen Curtis

"The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit" . . . Joe Rogers

"Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing" . . . Billy Burkhart

"Snake Pit" . . . Dr. Feldman

"The Colonel Weaver Story" . . .

by E. C. McManus (author of "Col. Weaver: Early Days"; "Weaver at Thermopolye"; "Nero's Weaver"; "Weaver at Gettysburg"; "Weaver's Last Ride"; "Dobson, Son of Weaver"; "Col. Weaver Rides Again"; and "Col. Weaver Meets The Invisible Man")

# MASS HYSTERIA



## State Of The Union

Ya-Hoo recently ran across the first published financial statement of our beloved Student Union. Our only regret is that we could not publish it in its entirety as it would have "made" the magazine. However, we advise those of you who have not as yet obtained a copy to do so at your earliest convenience. Already they're in their third printing.

The total income from student fees for the July-December period was \$49,690.04. Now we all know that the student fee is \$10. Therefore, on behalf of Mr. Scott, we would like to thank the anonymous donor who contributed the additional \$.04. Under EXPENSES we find "Maintenance": \$13,694.58 (that white Caddie out front belongs to one of the scrub-women). Operating costs of the lobby ran as high as \$963.20, but only because we had to stand the initial expense of the imported potted palms. Next year the sum will be considerably less as we will only have to pay for water and Vigoro. The Total Income (BILL PAUL TO THE LOBBY COUNTER ... BILL PAUL) was \$85,247.67, but that's not as good as it looks for the Total Expenses also ran into roughly \$85,247.67. Just think: if those dispensers in the ladies' lounge dispensed one more of whatever it is they dispense the Union would have shown a profit (BILL PAUL TO THE LOBBY COUNTER ... BILL PAUL). Of course we can do our part on some items, like the bookstore depreciation for example. If we'd just keep our dirty hands off the magazines and cards this loss would be nowhere near its present \$10,596.40. Fortunately for us both bookstore income and expenses totaled \$20,577.88. "We may not

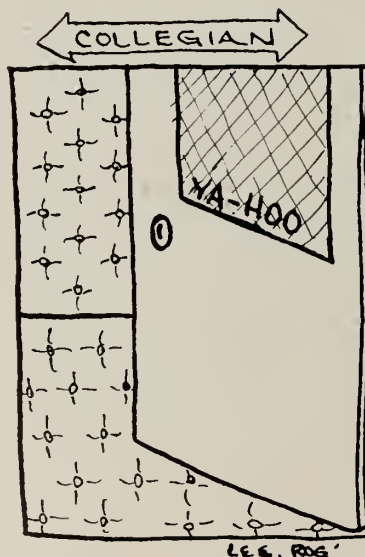
be that lucky next year" an informed source disclosed.

The Food Service (BILL PAUL? WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU, BILL PAUL?) discloses that labor costs on a hamburger ran as high as \$.08 apiece, but only because good men in that field are hard to find. Through another sheer stroke of luck (BILL PAUL? PLEASE? BILL PAUL?) both income and expenses totaled \$209,577.88. "We may not there for a while" our staff authority commented.

As for Custodial Fees, we grossed the unheard of sum of \$75 from wedding receptions held in the Union, and Mr. Scott would like it known that Wakes are soon to be added to the ever-growing list of Union Services to God, Country, and Children Of All Ages. (BILL PAUL! AT LAST! BILL! NO! YAAAAaaa ...) Our only wish is that Robert Benchly could have seen this before he wrote his famous "Treasurer's Re-

port". We doubt if he would have even bothered continuing his work.

Everybody else announces their service awards so YA-HOO has decided to do in like manner: Most-Valuable-Member was awarded Miss Patricia Holt who joined the magazine in 1957 as a mere Distraction, and steadily worked her way onward to become Assistant Editor. Honorable Mentions were bestowed upon Roger Millen, our comparatively sub-normal Co-Art Editor, and also upon Miss Nancy Wells, the other half of this infamous team. Richard Alman, Friend Of Those Who Have No Friend; Enemy Of Those Who Make Him An Enemy, was third, and final, selection. No one voted for Miss Judith Ann Pierce as no one seems to know who she is.



A happy thought recently occurred to the YA-HOO during a staff seance held in our re-modeled broom closet office: if all the faculty and staff who censored us this year bought subscriptions instead of swiping them from the Union lobby we would have enough money to hire professional talent. Ladies and Gentlemen, please! You will find a subscription blank somewhere around here for those whose consciences have begun to pique them. Graduating Seniors also take note. In Amherst, nearly everyone can afford seventy cents.

# *Ya-Hoo* Nude Art Studies

The pert young Miss reclining below is none other than Miss Jean McNaughton, a current resident of North Amherst. A shy, retiring young lady, it took a great deal of persuasion before she agreed to pose for the revealing picture below. "Not only is she a rare beauty," said Photographer Haskins, "but also an interesting and informative conversationalist."

Although of staid New England stock, the parents McNaughton are no prudes, and even offered pertinent suggestions which led ultimately to the final study below.

*Ya-Hoo* plans a sequel in twenty years, and lifetime subscriptions will soon be available in the Union lobby.



## HOW TO DIE

Through the ages death has been regarded as quite a morbid event. That is, until now. Today with the search for new and exciting things to do dying has become, if you'll pardon the expression, "great fun". No longer is it great fun only for the undertakers (who make a wonderful living out of it), but also for the deceased (who suddenly becomes the centre of an abnormal amount of attention and fuss).

Just glance through your daily newspaper, (If you can't spare the nickel, pick one up in the Student Union lounge . . . when no one's looking of course.) and you are sure to run across at least one of the following funeral advertisements:

"Funeral Service that will leave your mind at ease forever."

"A Funeral Service you will really enjoy."

"A Funeral Service to fit your personality."

"A Funeral that will make your family happy for months."

One of the most demanding advertisements I've seen is, "Come to us! We'll bury you better!". And people actually go. They discuss their own funerals with enthusiasm, choose the coffin (after their measurements are taken), the decorations on it, the songs to be sung, (so that friends will have ample time to rehearse), and the palms to be exhibited. (Here



Girls! Women! Make money at home! No experience necessary! Send at once for our free booklet and prepare to make your fortunes!



"We Turn Here"

they must designate first and second choices, because of the seasonal nature of the plants.) They pay in installments and look forward to the great day.

I do not wish to go into all the details of this morbid but flourishing industry, although there is something fascinating in the gait of the undertakers. They are the only businessman in the world who can look upon everybody they meet as prospective customers. They look at old men with a reproachful eye and with sanctimoniously hidden self-assurance. At the time one can see the hope shining in their eyes that they will order the ultra-deluxe model.

It is interesting to note that teaching is not the only occupation a man without much skill and expert knowledge can make a living out of. You can always become a professional mourner. Of course the atmosphere isn't as pleasant as it might be, but the financial remuneration received is worthwhile. Just in case any of you are interested in picking up some extra spending money here is the

price list as of last month (It is constantly changing according to the demand):

You stand by the coffin with head bent and looking very sad—\$5.00

The same with occasional tears—\$10.00

The same with crying, sobbing and shrieking—\$25.00

And for \$75.00 you have to throw yourself into the grave after the coffin. However, I would advise this only after considerable experience in the trade.

I would like to go deeper into this extremely interesting subject, but I must go to work. (After all, everyone needs some extra spending money.)

s. h. sanfield

There was a young fellow from France,  
Who waited ten years for his chance,  
He muffed it.



The Location of Your Kidneys



Boys Should be Gentle With Girls



A Secret Between Mother and You



Waiting For The Doctor

A new idea in smoking!

# Salem refreshes your taste



★ **menthol  
fresh**

Salem brings a wholly new quality to smoking...Spring-time-softness in every puff. Salem refreshes your taste the way a Spring morning refreshes you.

★ **rich tobacco  
taste**

Smoking was never like this before! You taste that rich tobacco...then, surprise!... there's an unexpected softness that gives smoking new comfort and ease.

★ **modern filter,  
too**

Through Salem's pure-white, modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. You smoke refreshed, pack after pack, when you buy Salems by the carton.



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